

## PRISON LEAGUE STARTS SEASON

Not a Feature of "Outside Baseball" Missing in Games Between Convicts.

Atlanta, Ga., April 6.—Attended by all the conventional ceremonies of one of the big leagues, the baseball season of 1913 was inaugurated at the Federal prison here yesterday. There was a parade through the prison grounds behind the prison band, a march across the field and the raising of the championship pennant of 1912. The flag fight last season at the prison again proved that there is something in a name, for the pennant was won by "Giants," a team composed of the strong armed men of the stone-cutting shop.

The new season started with eight teams, and to-day there was a double-header, in which the "Tigers" beat the "Cubs," 12 to 3, and in which the champions "Giants" walloped the "Crackers" by a score of 9 to 1. The Giants had as their pitcher a negro prisoner, known as "Georgia," but more often referred to by the prisoners as "Black Matty." This pitcher won fifteen straight games last season, but unlike many stars of the baseball world, was not a "hold-out" this year, his "contract" still having several years to run. In addition to the teams competing in to-day's double bill, the prison league membership includes the "Athletics" and "Pirates," the "Clippers" and the "Hustlers."

The scene about the baseball diamond at the prison to-day was one unique in the history of the national game. All of the more than 800 prisoners had been given the freedom of the grounds. No restraints whatever were placed upon them. The real "fans" gathered as close to the diamond as they could and rooted with all the vim and enthusiasm of their prototypes "on the outside."

The umpires, selected from among the prisoners, were, freely and frankly, denounced as "robbers," and one of the "umpires" was surrounded by an angry group of protesting players when he called a "Giant" out at second on a close decision. In fact, there was not a feature of "outside baseball" missing in the prison contests, while some of the plays pulled off would have done credit to a major league team in midseason form.

Taking the place of President or Mayor, Warden Moyer was called upon to pitch the first ball. He was suffering from a glass arm, however, and the task was turned over to Deputy Warden Hawk, who pitched a "splitter," but when the ball took a downshoot and hit the ground ten feet from the pitcher's box, the prisoners howled with glee. Later, when a line foul fouled over an unsuspecting guard, they howled again. The excitement was akin to that of a regular league game when the umpire gets hit on the shin.

The partisanship among the fans was intense at times. "Take him out and put in 66," yelled one enthusiast when the "Giants" were hammering "Crackers" pitcher.

"Come on you old moonshiner," yelled another to a "Tiger" pitcher in the first game. Two former ball players were the opposing catchers in the second game. Both handled themselves with the grace and confidence of big league material, and one of them, known as "16," caught without a break in his mask. This fact, however, did not deter Sam from calling upon the "fat head" second baseman of the "Giants" to knock a homer. "Do it fat, and I'll send you something when I get out," promised Sam.

The flag raising was an impressive ceremony. The baseball diamond is in the shadows of the great concrete walls surrounding the prison, the entire field surrounded by the most modern construction in the way of concrete construction. About the diamond were grouped all of the ball players, surrounded by the other prisoners. The flag was hoisted upon the "Giants" with a very pretty little speech from a prisoner, a man prominent in the news of the country at one time, but whose identity, so far as the public is concerned, is hidden for the time being behind a number. As the red, white and blue pennant, properly lettered as the championship pennant of the prison league, fluttered to the breeze, the prison band played "America." Caps were donned, and three lusty cheers beat in great sound waves against the concrete bars to the outer world.

Be Comfortable.  
Wear a "Pure Silk" Shirt  
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$5.00.  
Exclusive patterns in the latest weaves.  
RAHN'S OF RICHMOND,  
"The Toggery Shop,"  
718 E. Broad St.

## EBBETS FIELD IS WITHOUT RIVAL

New Home of Brooklyn Superbas Combines Every Idea for Comfort of Patrons.

New York, April 6.—Ebbets Field is the last word in the way of a baseball park. Charles H. Ebbets, president and chief owner of the Brooklyn club, has spared neither money nor constant care to add to the comfort and convenience of the "fans" and players. Nothing has been overlooked. From grandstand to playing field every modern improvement has been made, and the home of the Brooklyn Superbas, who, according to one of their most ardent rooters, "are first in well wishers, first in enthusiasm, but only seventh in the National League pennant race," stands out as the most complete field in the country to-day.

Erected at a cost of \$750,000, the park includes everything that could be thought out by the fertile brain of a master in baseball. The grandstand is the pride of Mr. Ebbets, and of it he has good reason to be proud, as he practically designed it himself. The entrance to the stand is more like that of some vast theatre than of a ball park, and the local "fans" have never seen anything like it. The main gate is located at the corner of Cedar Place and Sullivan Street, named after General Sullivan, of Revolutionary War fame.

The lobby of the entrance is more than eighty feet in diameter, and is resplendent with the marble and glazed brick walls, its plate glass windows in the ticket booths and brass railings. There are a dozen ticket windows placed about the rotunda, and an enormous crowd can be handled quietly and with little trouble. Since all stairs have been done away with and inclined runways installed in place, the "fans" will have no trouble in finding their seats quickly.

The holders of unreserved seats will enter through the stile, which will be marked, and, ascending the short incline, will come out in the centre of the stand, from whence they may take the best seats procurable. The holders of box seats and seats in the front reserved section will proceed through the proper stile, under and to the front of the stand, and to their proper seats.

There will be no unnecessary intermingling of the fans. Those who hold tickets for the upper tier will ascend the runways at the rear of the stands and so up to their seats. The bleachers will find ticket booths at convenient points. Only one point is lacking to add to the comfort of all. There is not a single nookhole in the whole blooming fence, for what with the great staircases, the inclined concrete, the small boy will have to draw his own conclusions from the volume of noise that will arise from the inner battlements.

Among the conveniences which will be found at the new park are a woman's suite, which is located on the lower tier of the main grandstand, consisting of a parlor, private refectory, room with maid, telephone and writing desk, a checkroom, where all articles will be checked free of charge, incoming telephone messages received and umbrellas loaned at the nominal charge of 10 cents.

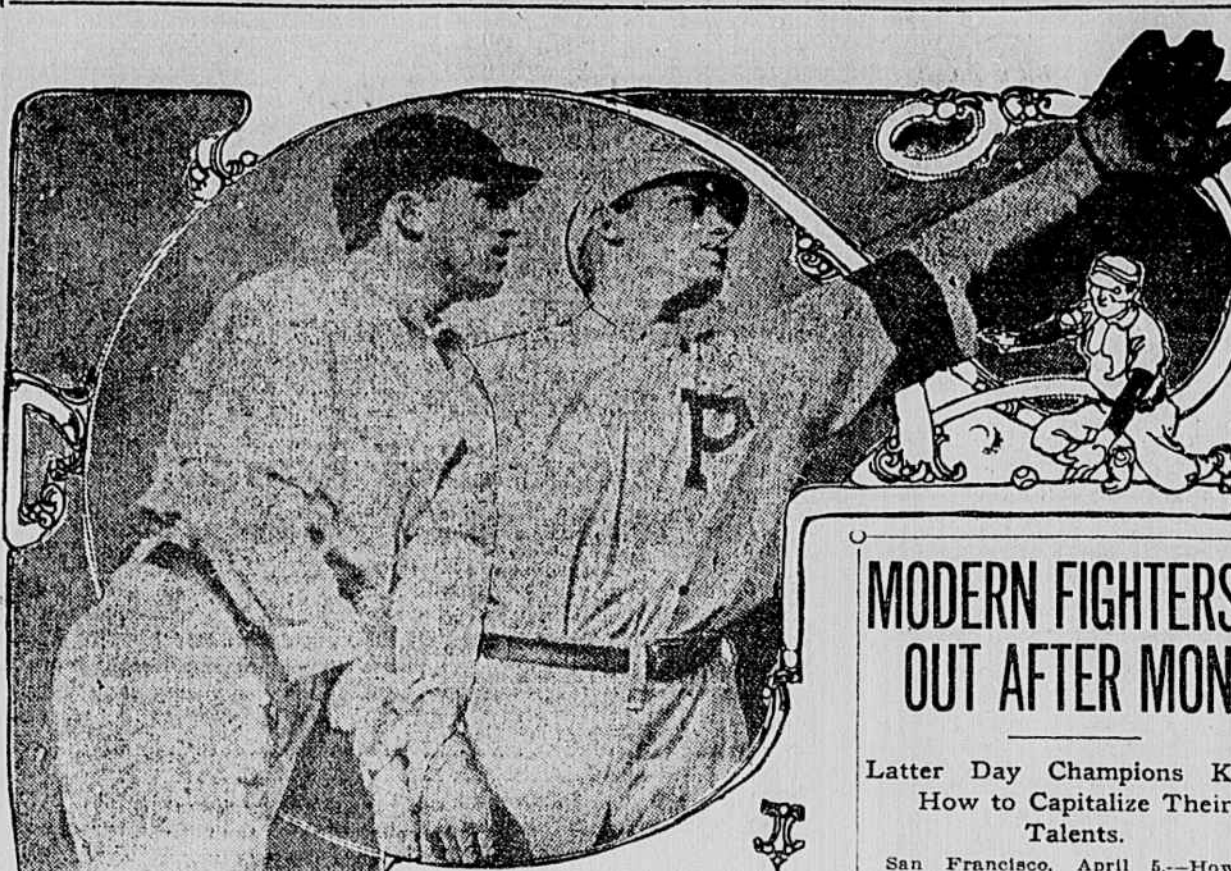
Brooklyn owes the fact that she can boast of the finest ball park in the country to Charles H. Ebbets, after whom the park is named. Mr. Ebbets announced that he would build a new home for the Superbas on January 2, 1912, and on that date he also announced that he hoped to play the first game on the new park on either June 14, Flag Day, or August 27, the one hundred and thirty-sixth anniversary of the battle of Long Island. The battle of Long Island was waged over the territory now occupied by the ball park, and Mr. Ebbets has history down on his finger tips.

For one reason or another, the park was not finished. From time to time Mr. Ebbets entertained the members of the Baseball Writers' Association and took them on personally conducted tours of the grounds, and the fair city of Brooklyn. Now all is ready, and Brooklyn has one of the most magnificent monuments to the great national game.

**QUEAL WINS BY SIXTEEN YARDS.**  
**Wins Five-Mile Professional Race in 20:31 2-5.**  
New York, April 6.—At the beginning of the outdoor athletic season at Cattle Park to-day, William Queal, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., won the five-mile professional running race, beating William Kolchman, of Finland, by sixteen yards. George Hooley finished third. Time, 20:31 2-5. In the one-mile professional race, William Kolchman won in 4:44 3-5.

**AMUSEMENTS.**  
Academy—Mrs. Fiske, in "The High Road."  
Hill—Thurston, the Magician.  
Columbia—Vaudeville.  
Empire—Minstrel Musical Comedy.  
Orpheum—Pictures.  
Little Theatre—Pictures.

## FOOLING THE PITCHER IS THEIR GAME



## MODERN FIGHTERS OUT AFTER MONEY

Latter Day Champions Know How to Capitalize Their Talents.

San Francisco, April 5.—How do later-day pugilists compare with those of years ago?

This is a question frequently discussed, and never, for obvious reasons, settled to the satisfaction of any one concerned.

If a fellow becomes involved in an argument of this kind, the best he can do is hold fast to the opinion he started out with. There is no way of putting the matter to a test.

There is surely one direction, however, in which a modern champion stands head and shoulders over his prototype of yesteryear. He knows better how to capitalize his fighting talents. When boxing with gloves becomes an established indoor sport a champion was content to strive for a purse. There was a winner's and a loser's end. That way there was an incentive to effort. Now it is all changed. A man who becomes a champion commands and exercises the right to establish scale of charges for his services. For tackling an opponent, opponent who, in public opinion, is considered his most serious rival, he will name a figure that will make the promoters gasp. For going against a boxer with a slightly damaged reputation, he will consent to cheaper terms.

If asked to sign with one who he thinks is really dangerous, he will name such an impossible sum that the matter will be dropped.

Things are coming to a pass where a world's champion is more of a subject for the commercial editor than for the man whose specialty is sport jottings. His "quotations" should appear in the column devoted to the meat prices of No. 1 steers and grain-fed hogs.

Luther McCarty, the newest and shakiest world's champion, is no exception to the rule. Some one, presumably McCarty, has arranged a schedule of early summer activities for Lute. As a program of sporting fixtures, the thing may lack merit, but as a financial project, it is all right.

Here's how it reads: For six rounds with Jim Flynn at Philadelphia April 15, McCarty will receive \$5,000; for six rounds with Frank Moran at Pittsburgh April 20, McCarty will get \$5,000; for ten rounds with Carl Morris at Kansas City May 4, McCarty will be paid \$4,000; for ten rounds with Tommy Burns at Calgary May 15, McCarty will receive \$10,000—perhaps more.

Assuredly, McCarty is upholding the traditions of the latter-day champions' protective league. In naming his terms, he has displayed the utmost daring. In selecting his opponents, he has been commendably cautious. The only thing about it is that on a basis of comparative values, McCarty may demand a million if ever he is asked to fight Jess Willard or Gunboat Smith.

In a way, Luther is not to blame. He certainly did not originate the existing order of things. Champions have set their faces against a fair division of the prize money for years, and it is so long since there was a winning or losing end to a championship fight that the memory of the man scarcely goes back to the occasion. It was claimed, of course, that Jeffries and Johnson fought "seventy-five and twenty-five," but there are great grounds for believing that the loot was evenly split.

But Nelson, who always claimed to be a second John L. Sullivan in the matter of honesty of purpose—and who undoubtedly was, so far as his work in the ring was concerned—was as a tiger who scented fresh blood when money was mentioned. We all know how he held out for and received the lion's share, or rather the wolf's share, at Goldfield.

## FRANK CHANCE FACES HIS GREATEST TEST

## ATHLETICS READY TO START SEASON

Peerless Leader Will Find Himself at Head of Tail-End Aggregation.

BY W. J. MACBETH.

New York, April 6.—Frank Chance faces one of the most trying tests of his brilliant major league career. Thursday next the curtain will be rung up on the American League race. The peerless leader will find himself at the head of a tail-end aggregation in this happy condition throughout the season to gain recognition as one of the real managerial wizards of the game.

Philadelphia, April 6.—Away to a flying start in the 1913 American League pennant hunt, is the slogan of Connie Mack's Athletics. In past years the Athletics have been slow starters, mainly because they have depended upon veteran pitchers, who were not favored with the proper kind of weather to condition them for the first few weeks of the season. It is different this season. All of the pitchers are in prime shape right now, and only serious accidents or complete breakdown in this department can prevent the Athletics from going off to a better start than they did in the two seasons they were American League and world's champions, at least this is the hope the Quaker City scribes are handing out.

Seldom, if ever, has a big league club been in as grand condition at this time of the year as are the Athletics. Although it is early to be making predictions, there is not a member of the regular team who has not the absolute feeling that the Mackmen will mop the bunting. Manager and players have extreme confidence that when the world's receipts are divided next October, those wearing the sweater coat with the White Elephant emblem will cash in for a major share of the sports.

There is no secret about the team which Schoolmaster Mack pins faith on to carry him across the wire a winner. When the fan takes his seat at Fenway Park, Boston, and peruses the season card, he will find a list of the Red Sox and the Athletics, the latter's line-up will read like this: E. Murphy, right field; Rube Oldring, left field; Eddie Collins, second base; J. Franklin Baker, third base; Scuffy Long, shortstop; Harry Campbell, first field; Jack Barry, shortstop; Jack Lapp or Ira Thomas, catcher; Albert Bender, Eddie Plank, Jack Coombs, or Carroll Brown, pitcher.

This does not constitute the complete make-up of the house of Mack. On their toes, ready to answer a call to get into active service at any time, will be: Captain Danny Murphy and Jimmie Walsh, outfielders; Harry Davis and Orr, infielders; last year's team, Schrank, catchers; Byron Houck, Herb Pennock, pitchers, who were with the team last year, and at least two more young twirlers, who are likely to be Weldon Wyckoff, who played with Bucknell University last year, and "Bullet" Bush, who was with the Missouri club of the Missouri Union League in 1912.

All will admit that to be a pennant contender a team must have an excellent pitching staff—one that is favored with the breaks of the game, and one that can stand the gaff. The Athletics veterans have proven that they can stand the gaff. To date the Mack pitchers have been favored with the breaks in the form of good weather. Eddie Plank, Chief Bender and Jack Coombs do not need the breaks in other ways. They need good early-season weather, particularly rain, and Coombs, Eddie Plank has always been a good cool weather pitcher. At San Antonio, for ten days, Coombs and Bender had the weather in which they delight to pitch. The warm weather of these first ten days did its work well. The pitchers passed the stage of the spring training where throwing curve balls was agony.

Three pitchers cannot win a pennant, however, as was proven when Cy Morgan, one of Mack's reliables, blew up. This year Mack is taking no chances, and has Carroll Brown, Byron Houck and Herb Pennock, of last season's staff, as well as the young crop, to pick from in securing the four regular members. Brown has shown wonderful improvement, and looks to be in shape for a splendid season. Houck, too, will be more valuable to the team. In Herb Pennock, Manager Mack has a brilliant understudy to Eddie Plank, and it would not be surprising in the least to see the youngster alternate in the slot with the veteran when it becomes the day for a southpaw to work.

Added strength is found in the outfield, which should give a far better account of itself in hitting and fielding than the performance of the trio that covered this territory the middle of last season. Speed is written on the faces of Eddie Murphy, Rube Oldring, Amos Strunk and Jimmie Walsh. Then there is Captain Danny Murphy, who has helped the Athletics win three American League pennants, to be called upon in a pinch. Eddie Murphy has about clinched his place at the top of the batting order. It does not look like a critic eye to notice improvements in the work of Oldring, Strunk and

Continued on Seventh Page.



## WALSH BLOWS UP IN SEVENTH INNING

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

St. Joseph, Mo., April 6.—Big Ed Walsh, after going nicely for six innings, blew up astonishingly in the seventh, this afternoon, allowing six consecutive singles, good for three runs before Lange came to the rescue. To-day's game was a trial gallop for Walsh in preparation for the opening game against Cleveland Thursday, and his seeming lack of condition may result in Scott starting the season instead. The Sox could do little with Crutcher twirling, and the minor leaguers won, 4 to 1. Score: Chicago ..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1; 7; 2. St. Joseph ..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 3 0—4; 9; 3. Walsh, Lange and Schalk; Crutcher and Ketter. Umpires, Meyers and McGinnis.

## NEW YORK GIANTS DEFEAT ORIOLES

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Baltimore, Md., April 6.—The New York Giants trimmed the Baltimore Orioles by the score of 19 to 10, in a game played at Back River. The weather was cold and raw, and it was necessary for the teams to journey to this out-of-the-way place, owing to the law prohibiting Sunday baseball within the city limits of Baltimore.

The game was featureless, and the coaching of Jack Dunn, the Orioles manager, was the only thing that lent interest to the game. The half-frozen spectators, McGraw started Ames against the Orioles, and he was relieved by Goulaft, neither of them having any trouble in holding down the Baltimore hitters when they considered it necessary. Smith and Eckert pitched for the Orioles and were hit at will.

Luther McCarty, the newest and shakiest world's champion, is no exception to the rule. Some one, presumably McCarty, has arranged a schedule of early summer activities for Lute. As a program of sporting fixtures, the thing may lack merit, but as a financial project, it is all right.

Here's how it reads: For six rounds with Jim Flynn at Philadelphia April 15, McCarty will receive \$5,000; for six rounds with Frank Moran at Pittsburgh April 20, McCarty will get \$5,000; for ten rounds with Carl Morris at Kansas City May 4, McCarty will be paid \$4,000; for ten rounds with Tommy Burns at Calgary May 15, McCarty will receive \$10,000—perhaps more.

Assuredly, McCarty is upholding the traditions of the latter-day champions' protective league. In naming his terms, he has displayed the utmost daring. In selecting his opponents, he has been commendably cautious. The only thing about it is that on a basis of comparative values, McCarty may demand a million if ever he is asked to fight Jess Willard or Gunboat Smith.

In a way, Luther is not to blame. He certainly did not originate the existing order of things. Champions have set their faces against a fair division of the prize money for years, and it is so long since there was a winning or losing end to a championship fight that the memory of the man scarcely goes back to the occasion. It was claimed, of course, that Jeffries and Johnson fought "seventy-five and twenty-five," but there are great grounds for believing that the loot was evenly split.

But Nelson, who always claimed to be a second John L. Sullivan in the matter of honesty of purpose—and who undoubtedly was, so far as his work in the ring was concerned—was as a tiger who scented fresh blood when money was mentioned. We all know how he held out for and received the lion's share, or rather the wolf's share, at Goldfield.

## NATIONALS WIN FROM AMERICANS

St. Louis, Mo., April 6.—A mixture of passes, errors and hits, one of them a triple, off two pitchers in the first inning, gave the local National League club enough runs to win from the Americans, 13 to 6, in the fifth game of the series for the championship of St. Louis. The series now stands three won for the Americans and two for the National League.

Score: R. H. E. Nationals ..... 7 2 2 0 0 1 0 6—13 14 1 Americans ..... 1 0 2 0 0 2 1 0—6 11 3 Batteries: Harmon and Wingo; Hilldebrand, Hamilton, Allison, Leverenz, Adams and Agnew.

Oh, It's Great to Be Married!

---

---

Copyright, 1913, International News Service.

---

By George McManus

